

# The TRAGICAL BALLAD: Or, The L A D Y who fell in Love with her SERVING-MAN.



## PART I.

GOOD people pray attend  
Unto these lines I've penn'd,  
Which to the world I send,

Therefore draw near,  
And hear what I do say,  
Alack-and-a-well-a-day,  
Unto love's sad decay,  
Prov'd most severe.

There was a servant-man,  
Who lived near the Strand,  
As I do understand,  
He was so fair;

So this young lady bright  
Could not rest day or night,  
He was her soul's delight,  
She lov'd him dear.

Now this young lady cry'd,  
I can't be satisfy'd,  
I wish I was his bride,  
To cure my smart.

Young Cupid bend the bow,  
And wound my lover so,  
That in short time he'll know  
A lovesick heart.

Why should I thus complain?  
He knoweth not my pain,  
He being my serving-man,  
And I so great.

Could I unclose my mind,  
Great comfort should I find;  
But fortune proves unkind,  
Oh! cruel fate.

Why was I born so high,  
To live in misery?  
Or Cupid's dart to fly  
Into my breast?

I wish I was as poor,  
Ty love would me adore;  
Then should I evermore  
Enjoy my dear.

Then the young lady said,  
Why should I be afraid?  
I'll bring my servant maid  
To tell my mind.  
Betty, Betty, said she,  
Pray come you here to me?  
You must my council be,  
Then I'll prove kind.

I love our servant-man,  
You know our honest John,  
Let me do what I can,  
I can't be free.  
Love has ensnar'd my heart,  
As I do feel the smart,  
Cupid with his keen dart  
Has wounded me.

Then said the damsel fair,  
Madam, since your declare  
Your mind, I can't forbear,  
But let you know  
I am in the same case,  
I love his charming face,  
My heart within his breast  
Is plac'd as I.

In sorrow, discontent,  
Away this damsel went,  
Her heart with mischief bent,  
As you shall find.  
Tho' she's my lady fair,  
Her secrets I'll declare;  
Or I shall lose my dear.  
In a short time.

## PART II.

GOOD people lend an ear,  
I'm sure you'll shed a tear,  
When you this story hear,  
The second part.

How Cupid bent his bow,  
Wounding three lovers so,  
Great troubles they did know,  
By his keen dart.

The damsel first begun,  
And said, I am undone;  
I shall distracted run,  
I am afraid.

Could I draw back my mind,  
From love to be inclin'd,  
Great comfort should I find,  
In grief she said.

We leave the damsel here,  
Entangled in love's snare,  
To treat of the young fair  
Lady so bright.

As she sat sighing then,  
Came in the servant-man,  
As we do understand,  
That very night.

She did unclose her mind,  
Within short time we find,  
Saying to him most kind,  
You have my heart.

The young man stood amaz'd,  
And on his lady gaz'd,  
Sure these are happy days,  
The young man said.  
Young madam, do forbear,  
Draw me not in a snare,  
If my master should hear,  
We are ruin'd:

Rather than that should be,  
I'd go along with thee,  
Either by land or sea,  
Or where you please.

You are my heart's delight,  
I can travel day and night,  
So they consented strait  
To cross the seas.

Then said the lady bright,  
To-morrow, when 'tis light,  
I'll marry my delight,

Then straitway I will go  
Along with thee, my dear,  
And man's apparel wear:  
No one can us ensnare,  
Nor can us know.

## PART III.

OBSERVE this part the third,  
The servant-maid she stood,  
And heard them every word,

Then strait she run.  
Master, master, said she,  
Alas! you'll ruin'd be:  
Your daughter doth agree  
To marry John.

To-morrow is the day,  
As I did hear them say,  
That they would go away,  
And marry'd be:  
She doth him so adore,  
She quits her native shore,  
To cross the sea.

When she did thus declare,  
He call'd his daughter fair,  
Madam, what are you there?  
Her father cry'd.  
Pray call John here also,  
The truth I mean to know,  
And if I find it so,  
I will provide

A place you need not fear,  
Both for you and your dear,  
And I will prove severe  
Unto you both.  
Father, your will be done,  
He's like to be your son,  
Or else I will have none,  
Upon my troth.

Daughter, since you say so,  
He shall to prison go;  
And I'll confine also  
You to your room.  
Father, father, forbear;  
Do not punish my dear;  
Let me the burthen bear;  
Or I'm undone.

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She to her chamber's sent,  
And he to prison went,  
In grief and discontent,  
I here to remain.

He sent him over to sea,  
A soldier there to be,  
To fight in Spain.

Now, said the servant-maid,  
Alas! it was I betray'd  
Your love and mine, she said,  
What have I done?

With that she tore her hair,  
And fell into despair,  
And as I do declare,  
To Bedlam's gone:

That very self-same night  
This youthful lady bright  
In dark and doleful night  
Got clear away.  
Out of a window high  
She got her liberty;  
Travelling she did come nigh  
Unto the sea.

And in short time we hear  
She cross'd the ocean fair,  
In man's apparel there  
She met her dear:  
A soldier was he also,  
Yet his love did not know,  
She being his comrade too,  
As we do hear.

In Spain they were not long,  
Before they both were drawn  
Into a party strong,  
To fight their foe.  
The first that wounded were,  
Was this young lady fair.  
Dying she did declare  
Her grief and woe.

As she was on the ground,  
He suck'd her blood wound,  
Crying, My dear is gone,  
With her sweet charms:  
Shall I live longer too:  
No, no, that ne'er will do;  
Piercing his body thro',  
Dy'd in her arms.

Now came this news, we hear,  
Unto her father dear;  
He stamp'd and tore his hair,  
Grieving he said,  
Alas! my daughter dear.  
I prov'd to thee severe,  
Now thou art dead I fear,  
So I'll end my days.